



*Why is it beautiful?*

# 春駒

HARUKOMA

ANONYMOUS

入江亜季

Aoi Tsubaki

FUTARI WA PRETTY ANON PRETTYANONYMOUS

TV/C: ANONBLACK TS: CLH

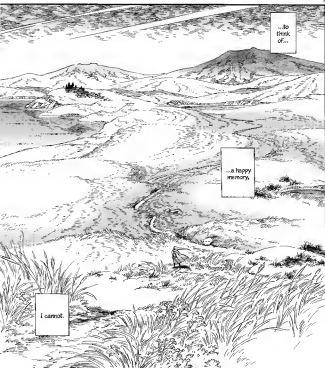








When-  
ever  
I try...



...to  
think  
of...

...a happy  
memory.

I cannot.





It became  
a great  
war.



Everything  
had taken  
a turn for  
the worse.

In this,



The world  
became  
violent.



LET US  
PRAY...

FOR  
PEACE.



RUN,

SISTER



IT'S TOO  
DANGER—  
OUR AREA

PLEASE,  
TAKE MY  
WIFE WITH  
YOU



Come.

Quickly.



Perhaps  
he'll come  
after me.



The younger  
brother  
I had  
trusted...

...had also  
ordered  
his wife  
to kill me.



I will  
kill you.

















WHAT IS

ALL THAT



THAT



BECAUSE YOU'RE BEAUTIFUL, MISS?

A LOT OF PEOPLE CAME BY TO GIVE THESE TO YOU!



YOU SHOULD JUST TAKE IT!

THANK YOU



PLEASE RETURN IT

THANK YOU



I...

...WILL MAKE DO WITH THE FOOD I BROUGHT WITH ME.

THOUGH I AM THANKFUL FOR THIS



I HAD TO BE CAREFUL WITH ANYTHING I PUT IN MY MOUTH

I DID NOT KNOW HOW MY BROTHER WOULD MAKE HIS NEXT ATTEMPT





I didn't  
know...

...when  
my brother  
would come.



Every  
night,

I sleep  
with my  
sword held  
close.



...for  
battle.

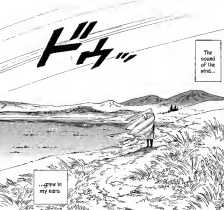
...for any  
suitable  
place...



When there  
was light,

I would  
search  
out into the  
village...





The sound of the wind...

...grew in my ears.



HERE.

NOW I WOULD BE ABLE TO SEE SOMEONE COMING FROM THE MOUNTAINS



...WILL THERE BE A BLIZZARD?

I SHOULD HEAD BACK



The ugly rain...

...began to believe.









The attack  
continued.

... like  
one  
night.



So I  
killed  
him.



My brother  
made a clamor  
about many  
things.

Yet only  
about  
himself.

He spoke  
nothing of  
myself,  
or of his  
wife.







...but  
I was  
wrong.



...the  
sound of  
the wind  
again.



I thought  
I heard...

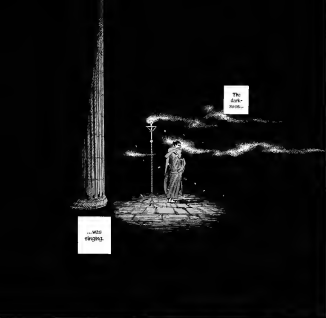


...and  
cold.

...and  
deep...

...and  
heavy...

Low...



The  
dark-  
ness...

...will  
sing.

43



The  
silence...

...grow  
darker.



As the  
noise...

...grow  
louder.



Was such  
a thing...

...even  
possible?



...through  
the roofs.

...rising  
out...



Their  
voices...



...like  
beams  
to me



It spurs  
me

With old  
words...



At  
night.

And  
another  
note.



The frozen  
above  
note...

...coolly  
reflected  
the voices.



...to the  
ending.

They  
died  
apart...





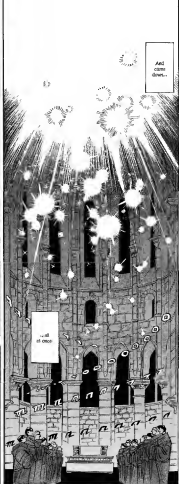


And with  
the music...

And  
down...



...descended



And  
came down...

And  
at once







Beautiful  
ones.

Live  
beautifully.



Those who  
press on...

...will  
always  
make the  
shadow.